

GOVERNOR COX'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS

To the People of Ohio:

I indulge the hope that endorsement will be given to a change in custom, made this day, in taking from the inaugural address that part which deals entirely with recommendations to the general assembly, and submitting my views to that body in writing. The growth in the activities and scope of our government entails a legislative message of such length as to encroach on the proprieties of this solemn occasion, and work a distinct inconvenience and discomfort to the organizations and individuals, who in patriotic fervor, desire to participate in the arrangements that are to follow.

Every impulse of my nature responds to the highest sense of obligation for the honor now conferred, in compliance with the suffrage expression of the electors, and yet, an appreciation of the responsibilities which go with it, reminds us of human limitations, and inspires the hope that our endeavors along the lines of justice and honesty, in the vision of the ruler of all governments, will gain the benediction of His favor and assistance.

While the executive station is one of generally accepted distinction, to me it does not bespeak elevation above my fellows. The relation of private citizenship establishes an equal base, but when one assumes the duties incumbent upon this office, a proper conception of the situation makes him the servant of the people, and unless he responds to full appreciation of the superior rights and powers of those he agrees to serve, he begins either with false vision, or with a species of treason in his heart. There is much in the theory of the accidents that nothing makes stronger appeal to the Almighty than the congregation of people under peaceful auspices for the purpose of refining government to the needs and advancement of the race. If that were a spectacle of such men in olden days, this day holds every potent for good, because every community is represented in the festivities of the occasion and without regard to class or creed, they exhibit their attachment to our institutions of government.

Ohio is a wonderful state and rich in the traditions that inspire a proud citizenship. Her fertile soil, picturesque beauties and delightful climate, attracted to her borders a sturdy race of people, and they have here builded an Empire in extent and treasure. Its continued growth is dependent, in many ways, upon government, and every change made bears direct influence upon our social and economic life. We are entering upon a new day. The evolutions and processes of time are working great advances in every activity of man. The forces of human intelligence have carried us to a point of higher moral vision, and it would have been a distinct anomaly of history if government had not been carried on in the progress of the time. It requires considerable faith in the righteousness of a cause to turn face from the old order of things mindful that in the plans and policies of government about to be adopted are involved the hope and aspirations, the happiness and general welfare of five million human souls.

I sense therefore the sublime responsibility of this hour!

But history tells us that while we can profit immeasurably by the experience of the past, every government that has endured, kept its face toward the sunrise and not the sunset of civilization. We must feed on the vitality of growth; not on the decay of decline.

We reverence the works of our fathers, and seek to prove ourselves the worthy sons of worthy sires, by making as great development in our time as they made in theirs. Ours is not the creed of the cynic, looking with scorn upon the institutions of yesterday. Civilization is simply a relay race, and unless we take it up with the freshness of spirit with which our fathers began it, the generation is in a condition of certain decay. Mistakes will be made because government is the creature of man. But if civilization from its beginning had followed the course of least resistance and not approached uncertainty with experimentation, this old world of ours would present a far different aspect.

An advanced civilization does not evolve government from caprice, but from necessity. The savage needs no government, because the interdependence of human units is not a characteristic of his existence. As a race progresses dependence on each other increases, and the meaning of exact justice to all is understood and the enforcement of that principle in government is demanded.

The genius of man has invented no system better fitted to work a greater national destiny than the even balanced relation of our federal and state government. In our commonwealth there is now a marked tendency toward a large measure of home rule for municipalities, and an increased activity in their community affairs. At the same time there is exerted an increased police power from the state in the projects of general human welfare that can only be kept within their beneficence by operation of the state unit. Experience has demonstrated the soundness of the theory. In practice it brings added responsibility with reference to matters of closer contact, and as we stimulate interest in the plain duty of citizenship, we are, by improved community life, building a state structure of greater strength and usefulness.

Government belongs to the people and their co-operation is needed at this hour in upholding the arm of the executive, so long as his stewardship is faithful. I now dedicate my services to the cause of the state, and duty will be met as the Almighty gives me the sense of conscience to follow.



New York, Jan. 11.—Maurice Bennett Flynn, whose ability to kick a football with his left foot gave him much fame at Yale and also the nickname of "Lefty," will not return to the Sheffield Scientific school at Yale, and that university has lost a star athlete. The reason for his quitting his college career is found in the fact that he is a married man. His bride has been a chorus girl in various musical organizations under the name of Irene Claire. They are planning a honeymoon trip of a few weeks, after which Mr. Flynn expects to go into business, perhaps with his father, who is wealthy and is a director in several enterprises, with an office at 2 Rector street. Mrs. Flynn's real name before her marriage was Rena Leary, and she is the daughter of a cab driver in Holyoke, Mass. Dispatches from Holyoke say that when the girl was there on a Christmas visit she said she was the wife of a broker named McDonald. She denies that she made any such statement or that she had even been married before the ceremony that united her to the football player.

Society Notes

Apples With Rice

Put a cupful of rice over the fire in about three pints of cold water, and stir until boiling. Let boil three minutes; then drain off the water, rinse the rice in cold water and drain again. Add three cupfuls of milk to the rice and cook until tender and dry. When partly cooked add half a teaspoon of salt, and when fully cooked add one fourth cupful each of butter, cream and orange marmalade, and from one to three egg yolks. Mix all together thoroughly. Dispose in rounds on a serving dish. On these rounds set core and pared apples cooked in syrup. Reduce the syrup by cooking to pour over the apples and rice. Sprinkle with cherries cut in shreds. Serve hot.

Marshmallow Cake

Beat two cupfuls of sifted sugar and one cupful of butter till creamy. Add three well beaten eggs, one cupful of milk, four cupfuls of sifted corn, and a half teaspoonful of baking soda and the strained juice of two lemons. Divide into three buttered and floured layer cake tins and bake in a moderate oven. Mix together one rounding tablespoonful of cornstarch, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour and half a cupful of milk. Heat one cupful of milk and carefully add the flour mixture and half a cupful of sugar. Stir till smooth and cook for five minutes, stirring all the time. Remove from the stove, cool and add half a pound of marshmallows (a few at a time) and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Beat lightly until partially melted and cool before spreading on cake. Decorate with white frosting and marshmallows.

Molded Chocolate Custard

Four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, three cupfuls of milk, four ounces of grated chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, yolks of three eggs and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Dissolve the grated chocolate in half of a pint of milk. Blend the cornstarch with a little cold milk. Put on the remainder of the milk to boil. When almost boiling slowly add the mixed cornstarch.

Stir vigorously till quite smooth and add the dissolved chocolate, sugar and yolks of the eggs. Flavor with vanilla and pour into a glass dish or a mold rinsed out with cold water. When cold, turn out and serve with whipped cream. Decorate with chopped nuts.

Springerle

This is a little cake known to every German child. The ingredients required are one pound of powdered sugar, four eggs, one grated lemon peel and one pound of flour. Beat the eggs and sugar together until as light as possible. Add grated lemon peel and the oil (sifted). Mix all together and roll out thin — not more than one eighth inch thick. Have small, square, wooden forms in designs of birds, etc. These forms may be secured at any department store.

With Tonka's Aid

And After the Storm Came Happiness.

By HONORE WILLIS.

Barbara wandered about the great pleasant room restlessly. She liked the huge fireplace with whips and rifles above the mantel. The cushions, with the fur robes tossed across them, and the long study table in the middle of the room, heaped with magazines and a varied collection of pipes, made her forget that the nearest human habitation was fifteen miles across the plains. She paused at one of the windows, snubbing her nose against the pane like a child, and looked out over the brown, dusty plains toward the mountains. This visit to her bachelor brother was suddenly proving lonely, since he had forbidden her her daily ride because of threatening snow. Until today everything on the ranch had been so new and strange to this eastern girl that she had forgotten to be homesick. "The sun is shining!" she exclaimed aloud to the empty room. "It is only that funny hazy ring around it that keeps it from being really bright. Richard is so silly and funny over me, like a hen with one chick! What is a snowstorm, anyhow, but fun? I'm going to take Tonka out for just a little while."

Al Lee, peering from the kitchen window a little later, shook his head dubiously at the sight of a slender figure in a heavy riding habit making its way toward the stables.

"Me no like masy glo," he said. "Weather velly bad." Then, with an indescribable gesture, not unmixed with disdain, he calmly washed his hands of the matter and went on with his pie making.

Barbara found the stables deserted, but Tonka nosed her softly with welcome in her great eyes, and pony and girl swung eagerly out beyond the corral to the open plain. Barbara shivered a good deal at first. The air lacked that clear, invigorating quality that had hitherto made riding a delight. There was a raw wind rising that penetrated her heavy habit.

"We won't go far today, Tonka," she said, with chattering teeth. "Just the five miles out to the irrigating gate and back again."

The murky ring about the sun grew thicker and thicker until the sun was a mere pale yellow dinner plate resting on a gray blanket. The wind began to sting Barbara's face unpleasantly.

"Oh, dear," she said, "this isn't any fun! It's so hazy I can't see the ditch, and"—she turned in the saddle and looked about in a puzzled way—"I can't see the ranch house either. Why—why, Tonka, where are we?"

She looked up into the sky, but during her short moment of uncertainty the sun had become totally obscured, and as she looked fine, driving particles of snow pelted her face. Tonka shook her head stubbornly and started off abruptly, but Barbara pulled her in. "Silly thing," she said. "I don't want to go to the irrigating ditch. We must get home as soon as ever we can."

But Tonka had ideas of her own on the subject. As Barbara pulled on the reins she shook her head again and started to back.

"Tonka," scolded Barbara, raising her voice above the roar of the wind. "I want to go home! Don't act like a goose!"

With the aid of the whip she finally persuaded Tonka to turn, and they started off in the teeth of the wind. The drive of the snow was so heavy that Barbara could not see a horse's length in front of her. The cold was so intense that she felt as if her face were being seared, and she began to be frightened.

"It must be a blizzard," she thought. "Richard will be frantic!"

For half an hour Tonka struggled through the blinding storm, while the frightened girl on her back clung to the reins with numbing hands and urged her on. As the cold grew unbearable Barbara pulled the pony in and dismounted.

"I've got to walk," she thought, "or freeze to the saddle!"

With the reins on her arm, she plunged on, her heart sinking more and more. "We are lost, Tonka," she said, "lost in one of those terrible blizzards!" She stopped to breathe and to pound her aching hands against the pony's side.

Suddenly Tonka lifted her head with a shrill whinny, which was answered from out the storm by another whinny. Barbara looked about eagerly. "Is it only a stray pony," she thought, "or is some one looking for me?"

Out of the whirling of snow came the shadowy form of a man, like Barbara, leading his horse. Barbara's heart gave a great throb.

"Mr. Ingraham!" she gasped. "Grent heavens, Miss Barbara, what does this mean?" exclaimed the man, turning his back to the gale and shouting to be heard above it.

and who during her visit had ridden the fifteen miles regularly three times a week, had inspired her with a profound faith in his capabilities. As he owned himself lost, she unconsciously moved a little closer to his stalwart figure. The man pulled off his fur coat and in spite of her protestations wrapped it about her shivering figure.

"First," he said, "you will put that on."

"No. I won't!" she cried.

"Oh, yes, you will!" he shouted, buttoning it firmly under her chin. Barbara changed the subject.

"It's lucky I didn't let Tonka carry me on to the ditch," she called. "She almost refused to turn. I really got mixed up with her backing and turning."

The Englishman pondered for a moment. "Oh, I say," he shouted, "that's too bad. You are the one that probably got mixed up. Those Indian ponies always head for home, they say, as soon as a blizzard strikes them. My horse didn't know enough. But wait. Give Tonka her head and see what she does. I'm afraid we'll have to walk or freeze."

With the horses on either side of them they started out, Tonka, without a moment's hesitation, taking the lead. It was a terrible journey. In spite of Ingraham's assistance Barbara constantly stumbled and fell. Without the protection of his fur coat he could only fight hopelessly against the numbing cold that assailed him, his heart aching over the misery of the girl who depended on him so pathetically, but Tonka, with drooping head, plodded slowly on.

As Barbara, assisted to her feet for the hundredth time, dimly concluded that it would be better to lie still than to struggle against the fearful cold, Tonka gave a glad whinny and stood still. They were standing before the stable door!

That evening after the two had recovered somewhat from ice baths and hot blankets and Richard had left them alone for a few moments Ingraham looked across the fire to the girl's sweet, pale face. All the love that he had so bravely suppressed during their terrible journey welled to his voice.

"Miss Barbara, Barbara," he said hesitatingly. "I'm glad it happened."

Barbara looked up. "I hadn't much hope before," he went on, "but now somehow you seem to belong to me a little."

Barbara's pallor disappeared. "It wasn't such a bad storm in some ways," she said.

And the fire crackled appreciatively at the pretty tableau.

Spain's Ancient Lighthouse.

At La Coruna, in northern Spain, may be seen a fire tower which is, with the exception of the ruins of the Roman lighthouse at Dover, the oldest of all existing structures of this kind. The exact date of the erection of this tower is unknown. According to an ancient tradition, it is accredited to Hercules, whence its name, Torro de Hercules. Others say that Phoenicians, who had established several colonies in Spain, had erected this light tower for their northward cruises. However, judging from the inscription, it is more probable that the Roman Emperor Trajan erected this structure. The inscription also mentions the name of Servius Sulpus of Lusitania as the architect. The tower is built of ashlar and is 27 feet square and 120 feet in height. It has six separate stories, which can only be reached by circular staircases around the exterior of the tower. The lighthouse was restored in 1864, but at the end of the eighteenth century was again in ruins. In 1797 it was rebuilt by the Spanish government and still sends forth its beams.—Argonaut.

See America First.

In a country so large as ours one may travel extensively without going outside our own borders. Pride in one's home is a good quality, but it hinders development if one is so well satisfied with his own city or state as to care to see or know no other. Even a hurried journey throughout the United States would give a conception of its vastness, the variety of its resources and the diversified interests of the people, such as could be got in no other way. See America first! But just as one understands his own language better by having some knowledge of another, so one knows the genius of his own country most truly only as he is able to compare it with other lands. Fortunately travel is no longer a rare privilege, to be enjoyed only by the few. Even those of moderate means are quite able to enjoy the benefits that come from seeing for one's self the strange parts of the earth and becoming familiar with all races and nationalities in their native homes.—Leslie's.

What They Sing For.

A character in W. J. Henderson's "The Soul of a Tenor" breaks a rib in romance as follows:

"Let me tell you something, my dear girl. It doesn't make an ounce of difference what these so-called critics say about an opera. They write a lot of pretentious twaddle. Most of them haven't the faintest idea of what it is that makes an opera a success. If the tenor and soprano have plenty of good melody to sing and one or two lively love scenes with a cooing climax and there is a fair amount of doings for the barytone and contralto, plenty of loud music for the chorus and a good ballet or procession, it is a tolerably safe bet that the opera will catch on. And that is what we are all in the business for. We are not there for psychology or imaginations or esthetics. We are there to make the public shout and clap its hands and hasten to put more dollars in the box office."

Women Avoid Operations

When a woman suffering from some form of feminine disorder is told that an operation is necessary, it of course frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital operating table and the surgeon's knife strikes terror to her heart, and no wonder. It is quite true that some of these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but thousands of women have avoided the necessity of an operation by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This fact is attested by the grateful letters they write to us after their health has been restored.

These Two Women Prove Our Claim.

Cary, Maine.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost anything."

all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."

—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Cary, Me.

Charlotte, N. C.—"I was in bad health for two years, with pains in both sides and was very nervous. If I even lifted a chair it would cause a hemorrhage. I had a growth which the doctor said was a tumor and I never would get well unless I had an operation. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I gladly say that I am now enjoying fine health and am the mother of a nice baby girl. You can use this letter to help other suffering women."—Mrs. ROSA SIMS, 16 Wyona St., Charlotte, N. C.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman submit to a surgical operation without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.



Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

DEMOCRATS FAIL TO MAKE A DEAL

Confer With Republicans Over Taft Appointments.

Washington, Jan. 11.—Senator Pomerene of Ohio gave President Taft a bit of variety in the matter of daily importunings for federal patronage by requesting that he fill a vacancy in the custom service by a Democrat.

The case in point is the office of surveyor of the port at Dayton, which was recently resigned by Edward L. McConaughy. Senator Pomerene is understood to have come to the conclusion that since the Democrats will not allow the president to make any new Republican appointments he might as well give the office to a Democrat now as to allow it to be filled by President Wilson.

Efforts by Democratic senate leaders to make an agreement with the Republican forces for a joint committee to go over President Taft's recent appointments and select certain ones that should be immediately confirmed by the senate met with failure.

Senator Burton recommended William E. Halley for reappointment as postmaster at Greenville, O. He also endorsed Joseph R. Tabor for the Canfield (O.) postmastership.

The attempt at a compromise on appointments was the result of a meeting of the special committee appointed by the Democratic caucus in December to evolve a method of handling the hundreds of appointments that have been sent in by the president since Dec. 2.

Democratic leaders informally proposed to the Republicans that five members be selected by each party to take up the task of weeding out pending nominations. A number of Republicans were called together to consider the proposal, and promptly rejected it.

The outcome of the failure at a compromise will be a renewal of the fight between the two parties next week. It is expected that an executive session of the senate will be held Tuesday or Wednesday. The Republican forces then will insist that nominations be taken up in their regular order and that no discrimination be shown against any of the Taft appointments. A Democratic caucus will be held this evening to determine what action shall be taken.

CONFIRM STORY OF ARSON TRUST

Disclosures Follow Arrest of Two Men in New York.

New York, Jan. 11.—The confession of one man and the arrest of another developed, according to Assistant District Attorney Weller and Fire Marshal Prial, that an "arson trust" has existed in this city which has robbed the fire insurance companies of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually and which has endangered the lives of many thousands of apartment house dwellers.

The man who confessed was Sam Gold, who lived at 574 East 134th street and wherever else he found it convenient to have a profitable household goods fire. The man who was arrested is George Grutz of 62 East 102nd street, an agent for the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance company and an adjuster on the side. Gold's confession implicated Grutz as the go-between for flat dwellers who were willing to be burned out for a consideration, and the firebugs, the men who actually applied a match to kerosene or oils. One of the principal firebugs employed by the "arson trust," according to Gold's confession, is Isidor Stein, "Izzy the Painter," who is now serving a long term in Sing Sing after having been convicted of arson.

Gold admitted to Attorney Weller and to Fire Marshal Prial that Grutz came to him in 1910 and told him it was easy to make money out of the insurance companies and that he (Grutz) having a pull with the adjusters and agents of the German American Insurance company, could arrange matters profitably. Gold says that Grutz sent him to a professional firebug named Isidor Stein, who, in order to procure kerosene and oils without being suspected, ran a make-believe paint store.

"From the investigation by this office," said Assistant District Attorney Weller, "it appears that Grutz, posing as an insurance broker, worked also as an adjuster, and that he was able to compromise many 'total losses' (where the actual loss was trivial) for 50 or 60 per cent of the claim. Stein was the active figure in the crooked combination."

Gold's confession, which described several incendiary fires, was the direct result of the arrest of Grutz. Fire Commissioner Johnson was elated when he received the news of Gold's confession and of Grutz's arrest. The commissioner said it was a story confirming his recent assertions.